

Brothers and Sisters

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 300 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. II.—NO. 21.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

WHOLE NO., 73.

The Principles of Nature.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A Lecture, Delivered at Concert Hall, St. Louis, on Sunday Evening, August 7th, 1853.

BY WILLIAM H. WATTS.

Late Editor of the "Light from the Spirit-World."

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Several friends, whose hearts are in the cause, have come to me repeatedly, of late, and inquired why it was that I remained silent at our media meetings. I have only to say, that the reason why I did so (if reason it can be called), was because I felt unwilling to occupy a place which I knew could be better filled. And the thought crowds in upon me just here, that those who *know me* would desire no more convincing proof of the operation of some higher power than my presence before a listening Circle.

I am a medium for Spiritual influence; and though in my own private moments this influence seems to pervade and surround me in the freest, fullest, broadest, and most expansive shape; although, with pen in hand, my impressions flow in upon me clear, gentle, ready, distinct—bordering almost upon the audible sound—yet I could not but feel as content as I was thankful. I am a medium for this influence, and can be used to *write truth* from the free, untrammelled mind of the Spiritual spheres, and I repeat my willingness, that those whose peculiar organizations fitted them for a different, and, may be, higher work, should be used in the wisdom which they might attract.

Yet, yielding in a measure to these earnest friends—but more especially to the familiar impressions of my Spirit guides—I stand here this evening. Whatever may have been my own feelings in the matter (and I assure you they were reluctant), or however watchful be the eye of that world which beholds me now, for the first time, in this capacity, I have the satisfaction to know that I am in the care of those whose strength is mightier than my own, and whose consoling power sustains and will carry me through any and all the positions which, under their guidance, I may assume. And this, I hasten to say, should be the object of every medium, to know, not the name so much as the condition, of those that approach them.

BRETHREN—We of earth have lived to a strange, yet glorious day! Amid all the errors, and inconsistencies, and prejudices, and hypocrisy, and ignorance, of the world, mortal tongues, obeying an interior impulse as truthful as honest, have been made to proclaim that happiness is seen as well as felt. But mortal tongues have not always dealt justly with the interior being. In order that the sickly gaze of society might be gratified, this tongue has thrown an artificial garb about the finer senses of man; and man, bending in dismal pomp, has acknowledged leaders, and submitted to decrees, as degrading to himself as they are revolting to the free minds that behold him.

Spirits often go back in the history of their brothers of earth. That history was once their history; and they are free to unfold that in it is heard many of the doleful sounds of their and your oppression.

But, softly, an external world hath ears; an external world hath laws; an external world hath established rules; an external world hath modes of worship—various, 'tis true—yet none the less established. And these rules, and laws, and modes of worship, strange to say, have advocates as numerous and stern as their edicts are numerous and stern. And, stranger still, they are *commissioned!* By whom? God, say they? God with one breath wraps you in the mournful robe of the confession-box, while with the next he inspires another to shout that the confession-box is wrong! This is worldly religion—this is worldly slavery—this is worldly ignorance! Can we dwell upon this point? Is there an eye in our presence that is not free enough to see slavery? Is there a mind that is not wise enough to see error?

In this body of Commissioners is concentrated our most relentless and determined opposition. The same ill-feeling and unaccountable passion, the same prejudices and persecutions exhibited in their own peculiar fashion, are hurled at the honest Spiritualist. And how, let me ask, should this opposition be met? There can be but two modes. Shall we meet it with moderation and in the light of reason, or fan the flame that spreads around? Shall we place ourselves behind our volumes of facts and philosophy, and speak peace to the troubled mind; or, like others, trample on justice and truth in the conflict for momentary glory and selfish aims? Never! We must not—we can not abuse truth! Is it Spiritualism to fever discord? Is it Spiritualism to heat animosity? Shall our efforts be to confuse, or to harmonize the mind? If with us there exists a doubt as to our step in this matter, let us be passive for a moment while some guardian Spirit speaks to us of the love principle of our nature. Let us list while some familiar lips convey to us the *wisdom* that wafted them to a high and happy condition in the Spirit-world.

Can we go so far back in our course as to breathe the atmosphere or use the weapons of our erring brothers? While we have an antidote, can we administer poison to the reckless spirits about us? While we have a precious balm of consolation and strength, plucked from an hitherto undiscovered field of nature, can we inflame and disease the wounds that lie open around? It is a singular yet beautiful truth in our philosophy, that by assisting others we become happier and richer in Spiritual treasure.

Brothers, this opposition is strong, yet it must give way. A high and enduring principle of nature—a grand law—the results that follow the growth and spread of truth must, will meet it. It can not be otherwise. The truth is eternal—the results natural, sure. This truth—these results have arrested us; they must startle them! And what between us is the contrast?

Oh! sir, whose heart does not swell with heavenly emotion when the thought springs in upon it, that friends and relatives are hovering near! That those for whom we have wept, and sighed, and mourned (and who of us has escaped these pangs!) are alive, happy, and with us! For my part, I would rather sit beside the humble medium, and interpret the eager intimations of some Spirit friend, that "I'm with you still!" than to be the object of all the high-strung, excited, unreasonable exhortations in the land. I would rather sit beside that medium and catch the soft whispering of some known voice, that "I am progressing," than to listen to all the fancies and extravagances of the Bible community! I would rather be permitted to take my seat in a Circle of congenial minds, for the reception of Spiritual truth, than to be clothed in the most gorgeous robe of *human systems!* Tell me not that we are wrong. If we are wrong, then is there no such thing as right. If we are in error, then is there no truth—then is nature a forgery, and Heaven's angels criminals! Tell me not of your theological conclusions and your eternal miseries! The impression is deep within me—and the truth but elevates me—that these are certain, fixed, eternal, natural laws—divine principles—and it is only by disobeying these laws and neglecting these principles that misery, if misery there be, can ensue; and just in precise proportion as these rules, laws, and principles of our nature are trampled upon and overlooked, will this misery follow.

Our philosophy teaches us all that is noble and truly great in earthly existence. It unfolds and invigorates the drooping spirit, and throws a halo of light in upon the inner-being. The source of this philosophy does not, *can not*, lessen its beauty or pollute its stream. Come whence it may, whether from the Spirits of the departed or not, it is truth—eternal truth—and must stand. The principles and laws upon which it is founded are as firm, and expressive, and enduring, as nature, because upon them nature herself rests, and acts, and moves. It is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand, because nature is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand. You may, in your prejudice and ignorance, lift the axe of mortal power and stifle for a moment the thousand tongues that proclaim and advocate these truths and this philosophy, yet a more congenial season must cause them to bloom and to diffuse their own fragrance! This, we say, must be so, because nature hath spoken it.

So it is as unwise as it is unfruitful in our opponents to cast aside, suddenly, the whole matter, with an abhorrence of *Spirits*. On our side we have all that is required to prove this fact with the rest, and once beyond the beaten paths of sectarian schooling and fashionable superstition, this fact, with the rest, will also appear clear to our opponents.

The truths of this age invite intelligence—not ignorance—to their investigation; they call upon freedom—not slavery—to test their purity; they mingle with reason, and depend, therefore, upon no unmeaning form or frantic support; and, though while in them we behold such love, justice, goodness, and wisdom, that we can not but expand in our conceptions of Deity, and overflow in our gratitude to the Author of All Being, we do not take them in the light of special providence. They are no special act of God's, because God does not unfold himself in that way. That "all things are possible with God," a remark which has grown stale upon the lips of error's advocates, we distinctly deny. It is utterly impossible for God to sink the mariner's vessel while the planks of that vessel are sound and the ocean calm; and even when surrounding elements rage, and the billows dash hard against that bark—when, in a word, all is overcome and lost, will any man tell me that a special aim of God was accomplished? Could human imagination be more cruel? Could human ignorance be more harsh? Could divine love be more abused? And this, they tell us, is the *inscrutable wisdom* of Deity! The wisdom of God, according to these advocates of olden theology, is, and ever will be, confined to disasters! It has never yet pleased Deity, in his inscrutable acts, to give us midnight at noonday, or noonday at midnight. Nor can he. It is not in the laws of being; it is contrary to the principles of nature, and against all reason and truth. Such a phenomenon would indeed be recorded as an *inscrutable* act of Deity. At such a juncture human intellect would become a blank! But these

are idle points. Now, the sinking of the vessel and loss of life *can* be explained. Turning our attention from God (why, indeed, should we drag him into all our controversies, and make him the unnatural carrier and source of all our burthens), we can, by sticking to our reason, our freedom, and our acquaintance with nature and her laws, see how the billows overcome the efforts of our voyaging brothers, and outrose the capacity of their frail bark. We see the effect—we mourn the result—yet this should not hinder us from tracing out the cause. Standing here, then, the instrument of those who live in more intimate relation to nature, those upon whose spirits the light of eternal truth has broke in, and who, after years of progression, are just now beginning to contemplate rightly God, heaven, and eternity, I can not better express the truth given me, than to declare, emphatically, that God had no agency whatever in the matter! The vessel and crew were, unfortunately, in the way of an inevitable result of a natural action of a natural law, from which neither God nor angels could rescue them. Think, for a moment, of God and angels, and ask yourself, if they possessed the power would they not have used it, and saved our earthly wanderers from a watery grave?

As in every thing else pertaining to religion, the duties and relations of man here, and his existence hereafter, the world has erred—blindly, sadly, rashly erred—in its opinion respecting the Harmonial Philosophy. Had coming generations no other evidence of the cruelty, selfishness, bigotry, ignorance, and prejudice of our sectarian leaders, their persecution of the honest believer in Spiritualism would be sufficient to cause them to shun forever their walks. And, sir, I may state here what it is useless for us longer to deny, that the clergy, from the beginning, have been at our heels, crying, Fire! fire! when there was no fire, save in their own heated brains. While they, in their efforts to crush us, have shifted and turned into as many shapes and conditions as is recognized by their infallible directions, we have remained firm—we have been composed. This statement is as remarkable as it is true, and I rejoice to be able to give it utterance. The scandalous epithets—disgraceful only to their source—that have been heaped upon us, I will pass by; your feelings could not be improved at hearing them; my thoughts could not be sweetened at recounting them. So let them rest. That law—that *natural result*—about which we have been speaking, will catch them; they will be harmless, they will be silent.

The more I look at our philosophy, the more I love it. I love it, because while it points us to the errors of society, it discloses a means of redemption. I love it, because while it leaps with a natural charity upon the corrupted systems of religion, and tears the dimmy veil from the face of hypocrisy and deception, it rivets us to one of the most delightful positions the world, in all its wisdom, has ever been permitted to review. Let us gaze. What can be more refreshing than the contemplation of what humanity *will* be under the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy! What the use of your *unnatural* restraints, when the grand secret of individual unfolding and individual progression enters the human family! What a picture will the world present, when the principle of Peace is cultivated and made to bloom upon the buried passion for War; when intelligence and conscious liberty enliven the mind; when brotherly feeling lives uppermost in the human heart; and when universal love, justice, and charity actuate, ennoble, and move us all!

The mountains that covered and the barriers that have surrounded this heaven upon earth, this natural existence of humanity, are moved and leveled by the Harmonial Philosophy. The philosophy that has lifted the inky robe of priestly power, and proved by facts that have gone home to the combined senses of our being, the *IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL*, is our philosophy. The philosophy that does not court ignorance, but, on the contrary, gives energy to individual reason, and inculcates universal knowledge, is our philosophy. The philosophy that scrutinizes theories to stand on facts, is our philosophy. The philosophy that casts doubts and superstitious fear from the soul, and warms it into a new life with the truths of Spiritual freedom and Spiritual progression, is our philosophy!

What becomes of your idolatrous religions, when we open this philosophy? What becomes of your sectarian schools, when mental freedom is encouraged? What becomes of your useless ceremonies and your tiresome exhortations, when the truth of certain natural results fill the human mind? What becomes of your gorgeous displays and your fading incense, when the simple philosophy of natural progression is understood? What becomes of your conflicting religious opinions, when a philosophy is opened which shuts out every thing that is not founded in and based upon the eternal and unchanging principles and laws of nature? What becomes of your gods of wrath, your gods of war and hatred, your gods of the olden record, when a philosophy is opened which points us up

"Through Nature, to Nature's God!"

The historian that writes of the day will be quick to admit that with the reception of this philosophy commenced the good time on earth. We know that you boast of your freedom

from the hands of oppressors, and sing with full and glad hearts your national songs of liberty; you commit to memory the liberal sentiments of your independence paper, and exult in the declaration that "all men are created free and equal;" but what is the view to the free and unobstructed eye? You want freedom—you want liberty—you want individual independence! If all be free, why do we continue to tighten the fetters about our fellow-man? If all be free, why not turn our declaration into practice, and break at once the ponderous chains that bend human flesh and blood in life-long slavery? Go ask the leaders of public sentiment—go ask the council of the nation! There you will learn that it is *right* to do wrong; there you will be told that it is *wrong* to do right—circumstances in either case directing.

But breathing as I do the breath of harmony, I have no inclination to throw a brand of confusion into the ranks of our opponents. This, in me, in a natural point of view, would be wrong, and that which is *naturally wrong* can not be made *right* by any mortal effort. This is our high ground—upon it we stand, below it we can not go. Those beneath we will assist upward; it is not natural, it is not in our philosophy, it is not Spiritualism, to crush them down. Yet, while we occupy this high position, while all this is allowed by us, we must be heard in our own good and reasonable way. Do not attempt to hush or crush us. The yells of prejudice, of vanity, and of ambition must not be expected to prevail against our efforts with the weak and ignorant, but *honest* millions. Liberty, mental freedom, justice, love, intelligence, must be heard from our stand. If we can not be permitted to purify and change the stream of error and corruption now flowing in upon our helpless brothers, the very fountain itself must be plugged, and new explorers allowed to report!

We come not to disturb the peace of society, but to improve and exalt it. We are the real, the true friends of society. We are for truth, not error; for freedom, not slavery; for practice, not empty profession. Believing that truth can suffer nothing from individual scrutiny, we are for probing even to the vital veins of the popular sectarianism. This right to us, we feel should not be denied, because even were we to *strike that vitality*, nought but a triumph in a new life—nought but a triumph of truth—could ensue. In a plainer word, if the declarations, promises, conclusions, sentiments, and prophecies of the Bible be of God, they by being tested will only stand out the more noble, and clear, and true.

And this test the record of old must endure. The energy and intelligence of the day are after it. The reason of the age is hard upon it. It must stand, divested of all the cloaks of darkness, ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, or shrink behind the breathless pillars of its own creation! It must stand before the free and untrammelled gaze of natural reason, or sink and be buried amid its own gorgeous ruins. The analyzing intellect that gave us steam; the vigor of application that conveyed this power to the ocean ship; the genius that caught lightning, and the minds that have conquered time, are determined to test all truth, solve all propositions, weigh all conclusions.

All, then, we have to say to the world is, Be free, and meet us in the good work. All truth is not for you—all truth is not for us. If it be with you, it can not be harmed by the shafts of opposition; if with us, you must sooner or later acknowledge it. Calmly, gently, wisely let us meet. Try our Spirits, not by the fashionable rule of this or that sect, but by individual investigation, and unbiased, rational judgment. Your reason alone should be your guide. And while you are with us thus in the labor, we must be permitted—we claim the privilege of looking into your credentials. With the clear heads and bold hearts of this bright day, the relations of God to the council that framed the present brazen religious fabric of the world, will be readily discovered. Under the eye of the impartial Spiritualist, we shall all hear whether Christ was God, or God Christ, or whether, indeed, both God and Christ are one.

Thus let us meet—thus let us examine. And if, on the other hand, you find that with us which seems contrary to reason and against nature, we are with you in the detection, we are with you in putting it aside. Do not suppose that we believe "every Spirit;" we only "try the Spirits," and see whether they be what they pretend.

THE CAUSE IN THE WEST.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, Aug. 30, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN AND PARTRIDGE:

After my last letter to you from Elgin, Illinois, I remained and lectured several times there, and once in Dundee, a small village near Elgin, and then closed my visit with a meeting in a grove, on Sunday, the 21st, six miles from Elgin, in the midst of an excellent neighborhood of farmers, many of whom, in the vicinity of Elgin, are among the best Spiritualists I have met in my travels—independent mentally and pecuniarily, and do their own thinking. I found at the place of our meeting a bound copy of the beloved *Univercolum*, which is ever a sign of early and well-advanced Spiritualists. We had a large meeting in a beautiful grove, and a very pleasant day, and one

of the most interesting gatherings I ever attended; the whole audience seemed delighted, and I believe all went home better and happier than they came there. I had in speaking the aid of the Spirits through four different mediums, and all was proper and appropriate. The day will not be soon forgotten; but many will look forward with anxiety to a time when another such a feast can be had. From Elgin I came to Chicago, and spent a few hours with Brother Eddy, whom I found about as sane a man as the city contains, and far more so than the majority, for there are many *mad* men in Chicago, even in the churches, and some in the pulpits. I had not time to lecture in Chicago and comply with other engagements, neither did we deem it best, until Harmony Hall and Eddy's affairs can be *legally* unlocked. Nearly the whole population of the city feel the outrage and persecution of Eddy. The Protestant Church tyranny there is looked upon as little better than the Inquisition in its spirit, and needing only the power to carry it fully out.

From Chicago I came to Battle Creek, a well-situated and thriving village, with two thousand five hundred inhabitants, on the Central Railroad and Kalamazoo River, in the midst of an excellent farming district. Here I met a cordial reception from many Spiritualists. Brother Finney had been here, and given several lectures to large audiences and with good success. Many notices of his lectures were still sticking up about the streets when mine were posted. It was hard to tell whether grief or scorn was most distinctly marked on the countenances of the clergy and their few devoted satellites, who call this the work of the "old arch enemy." Two clergymen here have exploded Spiritualism each by a sermon, which was printed and circulated, and has given much aid to our cause by exposing the weakness, ignorance, and folly of their objections. All their efforts aid us, and the more they struggle the deeper they sink in the mire. I delivered five lectures here in the Quaker meeting-house, which was well filled. The last two on Sunday afternoon and evening were attended by about four hundred persons, many of whom have seen, heard, and read some of, and partially or wholly adopt our philosophy. We also had the attendance of an old superannuated Scotch Presbyterian, by the name of Anderson, who has come away out West among the heathen to *introduce* the Bible, and is traveling over the country crying, in substance, as the gold-beaters of Ephesus did, "Great is the goddess Diana of the Ephesians," and with about as much success. He made some remarks at the close of my lectures, and was taken up by one of our friends here, a Mr. Averill, and I think if he ever tries to fly again he will do as the bat does—try it alone and in the dark. He will not be very likely to be caught with the birds again, for he can not fly, at least until he gets dry and recruited, for he came out, to use a vulgar phrase, looking very much like a "swill-pail chicken," trying to sail with the ducks and swan, or fly with the pigeons and eagles. There was much inquiry for him and his Bibles in the streets on Monday, but he was not to be found, and it is supposed he took the cars without offering his wares for sale here. I have seldom found more freedom, and intelligence, and willingness to investigate than in this place. The phalanx of progressive minds here has its center made up of the Hicksite Quaker stock, who have been long fitting their minds by silent meditation for Spiritual impressions, and as the light dawns they hail its rising, and come almost immediately, along with their "meeting-house," to the new philosophy. Many of them here are aged persons, adding a dignity and calmness to the circles and meetings that is very interesting. The right wing of the phalanx is made up of the progressive Universalists, who are not far from the "kingdom of Heaven." They go boldly forward to the examination of all things, determined to "hold fast" only "that which is good." The left wing is composed of the skeptics, who are not a few or weak here, either in numbers or intelligence, as the large list of subscribers to the Boston *Investigator* shows. They have done a good work here in eliciting free thought and expression, and battling down error and superstition. They are generally free, fearless, investigating minds, and come more readily into the embrace of the Harmonial Philosophy than any other class of society. Our friends may register Battle Creek as one of the places where the light shines, and if our opponents have got any extinguishers of Spiritual light they might as well send several along this way, for those that preach here only increase it by efforts to extinguish. Since here, I have had a visit with our friends at Bedford, an adjoining town; and in a settlement they call the Plain, six miles from here, I found one of the pleasantest neighborhoods I have ever been in. There are a dozen or more families of Spiritualists living there, making an excellent state of society—farmers mostly—on good soil and in a healthy section of country. Our brother, Hiram Cornell, has in successful operation a school there where he is educating a large list of scholars, both physically and mentally, and without sectarian trammels; and notwithstanding the efforts of the clergy and their satellites to break it up, it increases and strengthens continually. It affords an excellent retreat for scholars whose parents wish to send them out of the reach of rum, tobacco, gambling, licentiousness, sectarian bigotry,

Interesting Miscellany.

LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the blue heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending eastward,
Leaned upon the hill.

Listening beamed those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
And a warlike march drew nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leaned and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor;
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toll of day was o'er,
Still the angels leaned in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done; and, lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leaned and listened,
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain-top the angels
Slowly passed away.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS, AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTEYSON, M.D.

The following article originally appeared in *Sartain's Magazine*. We omit the introductory portion of the paper, as it would not particularly interest our readers. The facts contained in the part which we have transferred to our columns are extremely interesting, and should serve as a salutary warning. Especially is great caution required at this time, when so many are subject to trances, and to intervals of suspended animation, which in their more external aspects are analogous to death. Let it ever be borne in mind that decomposition is the only infallible sign of dissolution.—E.D.

In France, premature interments frequently occur from the prevailing practice there of burying bodies too soon. In the course of twelve years, it is asserted that ninety-four cases were prevented by fortuitous circumstances. Of these, thirty-four persons came back to life the moment the funeral ceremonies were about to commence; thirteen recovered by the tender care and attention of their families; seven from the fall of the coffin; nine from wounds inflicted by the needle in sewing up their winding-sheets; five from the sensations of suffocation they felt in the coffin; nineteen from accidental delay in interring them, and six from doubts entertained of their death.

In England and the United States, interments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law for three days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on stretchers, with rings on their toes and fingers to which bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, however, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Genov, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Dues Settes, who was afterward found with his hands torn and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximilian Meisson. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poitiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterward borne the mother of several children. Meisson gives another instance of a nearly similar character.

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the grave-digger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body awoke his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself made his escape in great haste, and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of the servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the mean time, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris.

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his daughter's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her father soon heard with profound grief of the event; but, as he remembered that she

had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion was not only alleviated by the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxysm. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector, unless met by his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accused her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons suggested by love; but, perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor *littérateur*, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favorite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died—as it was supposed—for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disintering the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterward they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognize her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

These two strange cases, though apparently similar, occurred at different periods and in different places. In the latter the court seem to have been influenced by a higher sense of justice than that of the court which was about to decide against the claims of the preserver of his wife, and which he avoided by retreating with her to a foreign country.

Among the well-authenticated cases of premature interment, and restoration to life, is the following, which is recorded by Oehlenschlaeger. It occurred in Cologne in 1547. I give a translation from the original. "Adachi, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, had buried his young and beautiful wife. She had been subject to frequent fits, and in the last seemed to be dead, and was so considered. The funeral had been magnificent, and a vault in the great cathedral was to hold the body, which had been deposited in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, according to the manner of the time and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with rich garlands, and the fingers with precious rings. The sexton, named Peter Bold, had locked the door and returned home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him. His own wife had prematurely given birth to a fine boy, and was totally unprovided with any kind of the comforts required on such occasions. His marriage had taken place against the desires of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac the Jew was recalled to his mind; but he would require a pledge. 'A pledge!' murmured Bold to himself; 'and why not borrow from the dead, as nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this lady who lies yonder. She would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without injuring any one?'

"Influenced by these thoughts he returned to the place which he had just left, but which he now visited in a very different state of feeling. Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him, when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir toward the vault. The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but as soon as he recovered he hastened toward the house of the sexton, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the mean time the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry, but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped. The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. She then attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, however, she was so faint that a deadly coldness seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some wine might have been left from the last mass. She therefore made one more effort to reach the altar, and found just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

"No true believer had set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude to the Creator than she did thus administer the cheering

draught to herself. Her husband and her servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that a few weeks afterward she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

The following is another instance of premature interment, of a still more romantic character, and is taken from the ancient chronicles of Venice.

Gherardo was a brave officer of the republic, and joined in the crusade which ended in the conquest of Constantinople. His return was greeted with joyful shouts, as his ship, laden with booty, approached the shore. But Gherardo had been betrothed to a beautiful Venetian lady, whom he passionately loved, and to whom he was to be united upon his return. He hastily returned the embrace of his father, sisters, and brothers, who had come to meet him, and inquired for Elena. "Why," asked he, "is she not with you?" They were silent, and he guessed the cause of her absence. His grief was intense and overwhelming, but he said nothing, and determined to see her once more. As soon as he had an opportunity, he hurried to the church where her body had been deposited, almost in a state of frenzy, and succeeded by bribery in obtaining access to the sacred depositary. "There glared," says the writer from whom I have taken this curious incident, "here and there a glittering lamp; the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the colored panes of the Gothic windows. The stillness of the sepulcher, the obscure depth of the lonely chapel, the solitude of the hour, the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hands trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen, white as snow, extended on the bier; a veil was over her face. The rays of the moon fell for a moment over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the veil. He however raised it. Her face was as pale as a lily, and her long fair hair fell over her shoulders and mixed in tresses on her breast; her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips. "She sleeps!" cried Gherardo in his frenzy. "Oh, waken, in pity!" and he laid his arm under her. He pressed his lips to her pale, cold cheek, and as he did so he fancied he felt her breathe, and that there was some warmth about her. Immediately he lifted her from the tomb, and placing his hand on her breast, he was satisfied that the heart still beat. Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulcher, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms! Immovable as stone, and as white, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulcher. The vital heat returned slowly into her breast, and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

Smooth the hair, and close the eyelids,
Let the window curtains fall;
With a smile upon her features,
She hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed;
Gad hath called her to His bosom,
And the little one is dead.

LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart is beautiful,
I care not for the face;
I ask not what the form may lack
Of dignity or grace.
If the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
What matter though the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy?

This brief but beautiful passage occurs in a late article in *Frazer's Magazine*:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks—with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handbills of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kind tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself."

SPIRITUALISM,

BY

JOHN W. EDMONDS AND GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

BY NATHANIEL P. TALLMADGE,

LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

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PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN have in the Printer's hands the MSS. of the First Volume of the foregoing work. It will consist of about 500 octavo pages, and they hope to be able to issue it about the first of October.

They will publish two editions—a cheap and a library one; their main object being to give the work as extensive a circulation as possible. It will contain the personal experience of the three persons who are named in the title-page, and what may be of no less moment, revelations from the Spirit-world of the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, and of the life and state of existence of the Spirit after the death of the body.

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enlightened, aspiring humanity, we shall sound the glad tidings wide, that Heaven has borne the truth to earth; and shall thrill through every spirit of man the joyful news, that death is indeed swallowed up in victory—victory resounding through the highest arches of the Spirit-homes—while Zion's white-winged Dove of Peace shall float securely above you, and, gently lowering her pinions, shall incline you in her soft embrace, and hush the wildest spirit to its rest of love."

I will simply add, that the name given to Brother Upton by his Spirit-guardians, as significant of his mission, is that of THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

D. J. MANDELL.

ATHOL (DEPT), MASS., Aug. 19, 1853.

THE WATERS DISTURBED.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 10, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

I was much surprised, in looking at the TELEGRAPH of this date, to see the statements there published from the pen of Dr. A. Underhill, under the caption of the "KIAMATON SPIRITUALIZED MAGNETIC WATERS." The article referred to is not only calculated to deceive in regard to the true Spiritual Magnetic Springs, but contains many errors too glaring to be suffered to pass unnoticed.

Dr. U. says:

"The Kiamaton Spiritualized Magnetic Spring is about one and a half miles south of the village (Carroll), and within twenty-five feet of the Pennsylvania line, and fifty of the Kiamaton Creek. The water rises to the surface pure and clear, and runs off in a constant stream. About sixty rods up the Kiamaton (in the State of Pennsylvania), on the opposite side of the stream, is the spring of the Chama and Brittingham, the same waters, only obtained by digging under spirit direction."

Now that the waters are the same I pronounce to be wholly and unqualifiedly false, and will give the reasons for what may seem a strong assertion.

1. At the fountain head (Chase and Brittingham's Springs) there are two kinds of water, or two springs, one denominated *positive*, and the other *negative*; the positive water being hard, clear, and entirely free from sediment, and of a saltish taste; the negative being soft, and containing much sediment, and a slight brackish or sulphurous taste. At the "Great Deer Lick" which is the natural outlet of these two, and other springs with which that region abounds, these waters are mixed, and of course their magnetic properties or forces are neutralized, and upon these magnetic qualities, in a great measure, depends their virtues for healing purposes.

2. In passing through the sixty rods of soil these waters pass under Kiamaton Creek, where there is a constant stream of water flowing, and the former must be very much diluted before they arrive at the "Great Deer Lick."

Again, Dr. U. asserts, that "these waters have been carefully analyzed by Dr. Chilton, of New York, for Dr. Gray." Now, if Dr. U. wishes or intends the public to understand that Dr. C. has analyzed the waters of the "Great Deer Lick"—and it seems to be the evident meaning conveyed by his language—then that statement is untrue. The facts are, that the water analyzed by Dr. C. was the negative water from the springs of Chase and Brittingham, which is the only water yet discovered possessing the valuable medicinal and magnetic properties so highly recommended by Dr. Underhill. It was from this, the negative spring of Chase and Brittingham, that the powder, psychometried by Mrs. Mettler, was obtained, and I venture the assertion, that a powder that will produce the same or like results on clairvoyants, as those mentioned by Dr. U., can not be obtained either from the "Great Deer Lick" or any other muddy, filthy, pond-hole or medicinal spring now known. * * * * Again, Dr. U. asks, after recapitulating the chemical properties of the water and its peculiar adaptability to every portion of the human system, "With these facts before the mind, does any one wonder that enlightened Spirit-wisdom and philanthropy should point to these waters as a means of restoring health to the afflicted?" Certainly, if as he claims, that the waters of the "Great Deer Lick" are the same as those obtained by Mr. Brittingham after digging a pit twenty feet in diameter and over forty feet deep, and the expenditure of about five hundred dollars, be true, it would be very difficult, to say the least, to make me believe that there was any "ENLIGHTENED SPIRIT-WISDOM AND PHILANTHROPY" manifested by the Spirits who pointed out the location of the springs, and directed Messrs. C. and B. in all their operations to obtain the waters, when the "Great Deer Lick," land and all, could have been purchased for fifty dollars, or less.

But enough. The facts, as they appear to me, are, that there has been a determination on the part of certain Cleveland Spiritualists, from the first, to get into their hands the entire control of the GENUINE SPIRITUAL MAGNETIC SPRINGS, and failing to do so, being defeated by the direct interposition of the Spirit-bands who have directed Messrs. C. and B. in all their movements, they purchased the tract of land including the "Great Deer Lick" * * * * I will only add, that I have during the present season spent some five weeks at the true Magnetic Spiritual Springs, at the residence of Mr. John Chase, and from what I have seen, and from the testimony of the residents in the immediate vicinity of the springs (not Spiritualists), I am satisfied that the waters possess all the virtues ascribed to them for the healing of the sick, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and that they may be useful in a degree far surpassing the waters of any other medicinal spring known.

Fraternally thine,

H. F. GARDNER, M.D.

* See Dr. Gray's letter in the 1st number of the present volume of the TELEGRAPH.

THE OPPOSITION TO SPIRITUALISM.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—A brief statement of the opposition to Spiritualism in this vicinity may interest some of the readers of the TELEGRAPH. About three years ago I so far overcame my prejudices against Spiritualism as to attempt an investigation. At length I became a thorough believer in the doctrine and principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, and was partially developed as a medium for Spiritual Manifestations.

The opposition has assumed various Protean shapes. The usual explanations of "humbag," "delusion," "electricity," and "evil Spirits" have been given, and in addition thereto, a system of low personal abuse has been resorted to by some of the opponents. A person who once was a judge, but who now has the misfortune of being blind, asserted that all Spiritualists were of a low and ignominious character; and he also spoke of your paper in terms that no gentleman would use.

Another phase of opposition has manifested itself. Anonymous notices have been written and posted up, containing the most low and false insinuations against Spiritualism, such as you would expect to hear only in the lowest run-shops in your city. The instigator of these libels, who is by many believed to be the person above referred to, did not dare to put a name to them, which is a just intimation that they were considered false. An article that appeared in the TELEGRAPH, containing the trial of Ira B. Eddy, is supposed to have given offense.

I now invite those who have abused me on account of my belief in Spiritualism, to a careful discussion of the subject.

Among the earliest communications that I received from the Spirits, was an intimation of the opposition I should receive, and kind encouragement was given. No opposition can shake my belief in the principles of the new philosophy. Its reformatory character commends it to all lovers of humanity and reform. To those who are seeking light on the subject of Spiritualism, I would recommend the perusal of the late work of Mr. Davis. It contains much valuable information. May success attend your efforts to improve humanity.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

T. K. PICE.

CANTERBURY, CONN., Aug. 27, 1853.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—Some years ago we gave a detailed account of the condition and appearance of a man who was then supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is yet living in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and still remains in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined, it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy, the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through a night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits. We leave the statement of these curious facts, unembarrassed by comment, and simply ask of learned editorial hands the probable cause of this unsatisfied thirst.—BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

Original Communications.

BEAUTY.

Being a dream of a certain Disappointment, shown by a Quondam Monk of old, as to three points, viz: "What, and Where Beauty is, and whether Immortal?"

BY SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

EXORDIUM.

'Twas backward far up the deep stream of Time,
In what men call the dim "Historic Past,"
Within a cloister at the evening chime,
When night had spread her sable curtains fast;
Within there sat discussing themes sublime,
A Novice and a Monk—one did appear,
A tender youth, his friend an aged seer,
They spoke of spirit, and her subtle bond,
Or ligature with flesh—the Angel wand
Dissolving life—the music of the spheres,
Which hymn the universe through circling years'
Perpetual course. Then Beauty they talked o'er;
On which the seer discours'd such golden lore,
The poet fain would hoard these gems of yore.
The youth ecstatic heard—the azure-eyed
Propounded questions, and the seer replied.

THESE I.

The Novice would know What Beauty is.

Then, tell me, What is Beauty;
Or is it but a name—
A figment, a mere phrensy—
A phantom breath of Fame?

The Monk returns an Answer to the Youth.

Then list, devout inquirer,
Beauty is a spirit,
That to each glad admirer
Yields intellectual light.

Yes, Beauty is a spirit
Ethereal and refined,
That doth her charms inherit
From the Eternal mind.

Beauty is the essence
Pervading Nature's whole—
The string, quick quintessence,
Which some have named "Her Soul."

She sways a subtle power
Ethereal as thought;
Glowing in the summer shower,
Or rose with fragrance fraught.

Yes, Beauty wields a power
Which many a fatter parts;
At eve in moon-lit bower,
How fair two loving hearts!

'Twas Nilus' proud queen's beauty
Charmed Antony the brave—
Forgot a Roman's duty,
The warrior bowed, a slave.

'Tis Beauty doth engender
Genius' fiery thought;
Doth prompt emotions tender,
In glowing language wrought.

She controls each passion,
And mystic mind brings forth,
And aids the artist fashion
Conception into birth.

She lights the spirit's fire
Electric—her control
Doth sway the phren'sid lyre,
And swell the poet's soul.

She fires the diamond orbs
Of genius' cavern'd eyes,
Whose breast with ardor throbs
Of burning mysteries.

The perfect, full appearing
Of truth and moral good,
Which renders love endearing,
And virtue understood.

True votaries has she,
Who worship at her shrine,
Who swear her fealty—
For Beauty is divine.

An element of worship,
A devotion's gleam—
A ray of the shekinah
Of Hebrew Helohim.

The word exhorteth thee
When thou wouldst God address,
To worship in the Beauty
Of his own Holiness.

THESE II.

The Youth now demands the HABITATION of Beauty.

Then tell me where is Beauty,
And in what house she dwells—
Is 't in the ethereal sky,
Or deep in coral cells?
Or is her home the medium
Of these vast extremes,
The soother of life's tedium
With ideal dreams?

The Recluse designates the Whereabout of Beauty.

Dost ask me where she dwells,
In earth or azure sky,
Or ocean's pearlly cells?
Yes, through immensity!
A fairy home has she—
The sky with starry sheen,
The snow-foam dotted sea,
And flower-gemmed earth between.

She fills the blue expanse,
Those angel minarets,
Whence lurid lightning's glance,
And storm Orion sets.

Down in old Ocean's caves
Doth Beauty find a home,
Lull'd by his murm'ring waves,
And cushioned with their foam.

She dwelleth upon earth,
Sits on the maiden's cheek,
And well regards the birth
Of sighs which love bespeak.

She hovers 'mong the flowers
Which blossom in the mind,
Like butterfly 'mid bowers,
Or the odor-laden wind.

The bud, the flower mature—
Doric or Tuscan dome—
What prompts emotion pure—
You'll find is Beauty's home.

THESE III.

The Novice inquires whether Beauty be Immortal.

Declare to me, oh sage—
Is Beauty mortal found
But of a transient age,
Brief as a pleasant sound?

To this the Seer makes answer, introducing some incidental thoughts

Dost ask me where she was,
Or is, or if shall be?
If held by fragile laws,
Or as the ether free?

Before gray Time she was,
And when he's gone shall be—
She's part of nature's laws,
And like to nature, free.
For, lo! she is immortal
As the Angel with the palm,
The guardian of the portal
To the celestial realm.

She's seen in lightning shocks,
And like a spirit gleams
On adamantine rocks,
In evanescent dreams.

She is a joy to all,
The boy, the babe, or seer;
A relic of the Fall—
An absolute idea.

She no subject knows
To flickering taste's caprice,
Of dark-hued Africa's laws,
Or intellectual Greece.

Of no composite kind,
Of no commingled race—
Yet occupant of mind,
Inhabitant of space.

A deep Aesthetic sense,
Known in the angelic sphere;
Nor bound by place or tense,
Now, then, here, everywhere.

Reflex of Cherubim
Before Jehovah's face;
Or, smile from Helohim
When sewing worlds in space.

Open creation's dawn,
She God's own model stood,
Who erst the resting model,
His work pronounced "good."

Not first, last, mediocrity,
But ever in her kind—
A pure idea, coeval
With the eternal mind.

Then who will not love Beauty,
This faculty divine!
Oh, cherish it in duty,
Like gem from deepest mine.

'Twas thus the Monkish homily did end,
The Seer and Novice doff'd their simple dress
And laid them down; and many thoughts did blend
In sleep, of good, and truth, and loveliness,
As well a gen'rous amplitude of mind,
And greater love for Nature, God, and Humankind.

FROM BEYOND THE VAIL.

Our circle of influence is like a band of harmonious chords, each full and complete in its order, and all vibrating to the touch of love. True harmony arises from different notes rightly blended; so all the varied organs of the mind and heart must be brought into action, that they all may be strengthened, and move on to the development and perfection of character. Whoso would be taught of Christ must with humility and self-sacrifice learn the requirements of his holy law to do them, whose first and greatest commandment is, "Love to God, and to thy fellow-man."

THE CIRCLE.

The following communication was the first I received through the circle, and through Mrs. L. (a medium) they (the Spirits) wished it published. I send it to you, having full faith that there is a good and sufficient reason for their request.

A. T. H.

Motion and action are the moving principles of much power on earth. As on earth, so in Spirit-climes, behold the onward progress of truth and love! Impelled by the irresistible impulse of Almighty Will, the archangel bends his ear to mortal man; the angel of promise comes bearing the olive branch of peace; and the Saviour draws high unto earth, that he may take away the burden of her woes. The great circle of love, revolving through the spheres, involves all in its revolutions. None are exempt from the call of duty. If angels and archangels acknowledge its presence and obligation, what is man, that the syren voice of pleasure should lead him from the right path, and that he should dare to question the omnipotence of that power which sways alike both great and small?

It is not the voice of the earnest inquirer after truth we would silence, but that childish, oftentimes impertinent, curiosity which greets the Spirit as alike of friend and teacher, to impart a knowledge of things as trivial as itself. Think of the sublimity, the sacredness of this Spirit communion! You are upon earth—we, in Spirit-land! You, enveloped with the fleeting shadows of time—we, admitted to the glories of eternity. You, just opening your mental eyes, yet seeing more than is revealed to angels (in your own imagination), discussing the themes of an eternal world, as though you were their authors, rather than humble recipients of God's bounty, afar from his throne by reason of your feebleness. Seek humbly the light that is falling in rays of purity upon the benighted footstool of his presence. Bow submissively to his appointments. Thy Heavenly Father is with thee, and will uphold the heart that acknowledges him in humility and prayer. Be like the faithful of old, who waited upon the Lord, leaning on the staff of his word. This staff is held by angelic power, planted firmly on the rock of ages. The winds and waves of prejudice and self-righteousness shall not move it, for the power of the Most High is its strength, and his almighty love shall warm it with joy and blessing everlastingly. Fear not, then, ye who are willing to fight under this banner of salvation. Its ample folds shall wave over you in peace, and the trumpet notes of its heralds proclaim the truth of God's word to a sinful world. Pride and power, error and superstition, shall flee before it, and the simple omnipotence of truth triumphantly reign. Praise the Lord, and render unto him the glory thereof.

ABBY T. HALL, Medium, Harmony Hall.

PRAYER.

Spiritualists are often accused of not believing in prayer. It is true that we do not pray as the hypocrite does, to be seen of men. Prayer does not consist in saying over certain forms of words. It is the desire of the heart. All true desires are prayers to God. Like Paul, we believe in praying without ceasing—in having our minds in such a condition that all our thoughts will be prayers to God, and every act an act of worship. The prayers of all true Spiritualists are perpetual. Our works will always show to the world what our faith and prayers are. Our prayers do not affect God; the object of prayer is to elevate our own minds, and bring us to a condition to receive and enjoy the blessings of God that surround us. These blessings surround the sinner as well as the righteous, for God loves all his children. But the sinner is not in a condition to enjoy God's blessings. What he wants to bring him into this condition is true desires and true faith, producing good works. These will be the means of giving him happiness and heaven.

A. DUNSHIRE.

BISHOP DOANE, having confessed the errors charged to his account, such as getting and using money improperly, has been let off by the court of Bishops convened at Camden for his trial. The Bishop's confession is expressed with great apparent humility and sorrow, and he exonerates his presentors from having been actuated by personal or narrow motives.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT INTO IT.—According to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practiced at Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there till one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects, in which case his client is defeated.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 10 cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Excepted from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts, should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MARRIED.—On the morning of the 26th ultimo we happened to be among the persons gathered at Trinity Church to witness the marriage of Mr. James W. McDonald, a sculptor, from St. Louis, and Miss Sarah Ada Westbrock, of New York. Rev. S. H. Weston officiated. Among the spectators we noticed C. D. Stuart, editor of the *Evening Mirror*; W. S. Courtney, Esq., and lady, from Pittsburgh, Pa.; T. D. Jones, the sculptor, and several other artists and editors of this city. Mr. McDonald is an earnest and intelligent Spiritualist, and a man of genius. We trust that his matrimonial step will accelerate his progress toward the celestial harmonies.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—In a late address (theme, the Destiny of the Republic), on the occasion of laying the corner stone of Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, William H. Seward said:

"The standard which the University shall establish must correspond to the principles of eternal truth and equal justice. The University must be conservative. It must hold fast every just principle of moral and political science that the experience of mankind has approved, but it must also be bold, remembering that in every human system there are always political superstitions upholding physical slavery in some of its modes, as there are always religious superstitions upholding intellectual slavery in some of its forms; that all these superstitions stand upon prescription, and that they can only be exploded where Opinion is left free and Reason is ever active and vigorous. But the University must nevertheless practice and teach moderation and charity even to error, remembering that revolutionary error will necessarily be mingled also even with its own best instructions, that unbridled zeal overreaches and defeats itself, and that he who would conquer in moral discussion, like him who would prevail in athletic games, must be temperate in all things."

HON. MRS. NORTON, the well-known English authoress (and poetess), who was scandalized some twenty years ago by charges of infidelity with Lord Melbourne, preferred by her husband, and who refuted those charges and parted from her husband, has again been forced to appear in self-defense before the courts, her persecutor being the Hon. Mr. Norton! The old story of infidelity was revived (though not the matter at issue) and Mrs. N. nobly defended herself, first in court, and afterward in the columns of the *London Times*. The English public side entirely with her, and so will such of the American public as know the peculiarities of her case. Hon. Mr. Norton has proved himself a brute. There are a good many such, and these are generally the loudest-mouthed against Woman's Rights.

A PAPER by K. Jobert de Lamballe on the effects of electricity, employed to restore animation in cases where it had apparently ceased under the influence of chloroform, was read at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences. M. Jobert, after administering chloroform to various animals and producing apparent death, used the galvanic pile, and operating by properly graduated shocks, succeeded in restoring animation. In some cases the time that elapsed before the desired effect could be produced was so great that little chance of success seemed to present itself, but by persevering, the result required was produced.

THE MAINE LAW IN ENGLAND.—The temperance men in England are about to petition their Parliament for a prohibitory liquor law. There are 2,627 licensed brewers in the British Islands, 88,400 persons licensed to sell spirits and wine, and 38,058 licensed to sell beer. In 1851 there were 81,000,000 gallons of spirits consumed in Great Britain in one year, with nearly 6,500,000 gallons of foreign wine. The whole amount thence accruing to the public revenue is over fifteen millions sterling.

THE ISSUE between Russia and Turkey now depends upon the action of Turkey. The Sultan insists upon some slight modifications of the basis of settlement proposed by Austria, accepted by Russia, and endorsed by the Turkish allies. It is doubtful if Russia will accede to the modifications.

MRS. STOWE has returned to the United States. Her passage through England, returning from the Continent, excited but little attention. The same may be said of her landing on home soil. The "Uncle Tom" excitement has been overdone, and the reaction is beginning to be felt.

THE RUSSIAN, Prussian, and Austrian Ministers at Washington have protested on the records of the State Department against the action of Capt. Ingraham. Meantime the people, at home and abroad, approve of his conduct.

THE YELLOW FEVER is almost abated at New Orleans, though strangers are warned to keep away from that city until the frost fairly sets in. The fever is raging at Mobile, and in many places in the interior of Louisiana and Mississippi. Over 10,000 deaths have occurred at New Orleans and other points. Several slight cases of fever have appeared at Philadelphia (imported), but they yield readily to medical treatment.

TO BE CLEANED.—New York is contracted—that is, its streets—to be cleaned for a year to come, at the cost of \$99,970, or \$105,340 less than has been paid for a year past for leaving the streets in a filthy and offensive condition. Here is a double gain.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The various public school children visited the Palace during the past week, and were, of course, greatly delighted. The issue of weekly tickets by the management was closed on Saturday last.

MAYOR WILSON, of Montreal, has resigned his office, from fear of his life, in connection with the Gavazzi riots. Col. Hogarth and Capt. Cameron, of the 26th regiment, have been arrested for murder, for having commanded the troops to fire.

GENIN'S contribution in aid of the New Orleans sufferers was nearly \$400.

The Postmaster-General has decided that the half of a twelve-cent stamp, frequently placed upon letters for double postage, is not to be regarded as payment.

The scientific cabinet collected, during many years, by Prof. Agassiz, it is said, has been purchased for Harvard University, at an expense of \$12,500.

The *Louisville Courier* says that the oil of pennyroyal, sprinkled in bedrooms, has been found effectual to dissuade mosquitoes from their call-thumpian and bill-sticking operations by night.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH was at Scarborough, England, on the 19th ult., delivering temperance addresses to large audiences. The *Leeds Mercury* of the 27th says that he has decided to protract his stay until next June.

The late comet will reappear, it is said, in the autumn of 2147, so that those who failed to see it can wait until the next chance.

DICKENS has finished his "Bleak House," one of the most widely read and popular of his works.

AN OLD BIBLE.—Dr. J. Newell, of Havard, in this county (a descendant of the old English martyr, John Rogers), has in his possession one of the oldest Bibles in the country. It is printed in the Latin tongue, at Geneva, by Petrus Sandreanum, A.D. MDLXXXIII. (1583), 270 years ago.—BUNKER HILL AURORA.

TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS.

The Executive Committee of the Woman's New York State Temperance Society have adopted the following plan of operations for the women of the Temperance Alliance throughout the State in the forthcoming election:

THE PLAN.

1. Recommends the women in every town, village, and city in the State, to organize upon the platform of the Maine Liquor law.
2. That these general organizations be subdivided into school, district, and ward societies.
3. That all these societies, great and small, shall hold temperance meetings from time to time with the view of influencing the voters at the polls.
4. Provides for the appointment of a general committee of correspondence.
5. Empowers this committee to call a Woman's State Temperance Convention previous to the election.
6. Provides for putting the text of the Maine Law to each of the State tickets and legislative candidates of all the parties in the field.
7. Authorizes action according to their replies, pro or con.
8. Recommends the women of the State, as far as practicable, to go by committee, or as many, to the polls, on election day, armed with Maine Law tickets, to elector for said law.
9. Prescribes the form of a petition for general circulation.

CONFIDENTIAL AFFECTION.—A Madame Adrien D—, living in the quarter St. Paul, had on Sunday a slight quarrel with her husband, and refused to give him a kiss of reconciliation before he left home. As, however, she was devotedly attached to him, having been only recently married, her conscience reproached her with what she had done, and she went after him. But not being able to find him anywhere, she, being of a nervous and impressionable character, pictured to herself that, stung to the heart at her coldness, he had thrown himself into the river. She accordingly determined on not surviving him. She lighted two pans of charcoal by her bedside, and threw herself on her bed to await death. She previously wrote a touching letter making known her reason for committing suicide, and left it on the table. Late at night her husband returned. He found his wife still breathing. He at once threw open the window, and she recovered sufficiently to ask his pardon. He told her that he had not been angry with her at all, and she then expressed a desire to live. A medical man was sent for, but in spite of all he could do she expired in a short time.—DROIT.—PARIS PAPER.

INSANITY FROM EXCESSIVE STUDY.—In Buffalo, N. Y., a young man, belonging to Rochester, but for the past six years a student in the schools of the former city, became a raving maniac. His physician attributes his melancholy condition to an excess of study, and the constant ambition to excel, by which he was inspired. In one of his paroxysms he assaulted one of his attendants, bit off one of his fingers, and otherwise wounded him. He also assaulted a lady to whom he was engaged.—EXCHANGE PAPER.

The above case would argue, according to the logic of anti-Spiritualists, that study is dangerous and fanatical, and to be put down, because students, forsooth, for some reason or other occasionally become insane.

TABLE ROCK, NIAGARA.—This celebrated rock has at length totally disappeared. A large portion of it fell in 1850, shaking the region contiguous like an earthquake. The balance fell with a thundering crash on the 8th inst., filling the passage way behind the Horse Shoe Falls. Several persons were preparing to go under the sheet at the time. The only means of seeing the position of the rock as it appeared before and after the fall of 1850, is by visiting the admirable Panorama of Mr. Frankenstein, now exhibiting at Hope Chapel in this city. An English gentleman has sounded the Niagara at Suspension Bridge, and found the depth to be 120 feet.

A DEMOCRATIC PRIEST.—The funeral of Barthelemi Bottaro, a democratic priest, at Genoa, has been made the occasion of a grand political demonstration. His body was attended to the tomb by a great concourse as that which followed the remains of the mother of Mazzini. Bottaro had been censured by the Holy Congregation at Rome, for his "political spasms," but he refused to retract his opinions, and therefore became an idol with the republican party. His death was sudden, and a post-mortem examination of his body showed traces of poison.

THE UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION,

Interesting Miscellany.

BRILLIANTS.

BLIND MARY.

Three flowers from her spirit such love and delight,
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—
As the gleam from a bonneted darkness will show,
On the moon glimmer soft through the fast-falling snow.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,
As an Indian might feel in our northern climes;
And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,
And the twilight, as love, that now changes nor ends.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run—
For beauty and grandeur and glory, and light,
Are seen by the spirit and not by the sight.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburnt and shade;
In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade;
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound,
Is one of the guardians an Eden around!

DAYBREAK.

THOMAS DAVIS.

These fine descriptive stanzas were taken from one of the Magazines, a few months since.

Fling back the orient gates! behold awaking
Aurora beautiful from tranced sleep.
While with crystalline fingers she is shaking
Morn from her dewy hair; the young hours keep
Watch o'er her ear, and round its pathway sweep
Roses, for scattering onward as they flee
Light-rays, flash'd forth like foam from the blue deep;
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,
Waking on earth's gray hills the choirs of melody.

Her eyes are flashing glories! round her head
Lies her diadem ethereal things;
Her bow, o'er which the sun's rich rays are shed,
Who with all radiant eyes the treasure brings
For his immortal daughter; forth she springs—
Her car is hewn, her banner is unfurl'd;
Lies wakes from death-like sleep, time plumes his wings,
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurl'd,
Behold! great day is born, and walks along the world.

TO A CHILD.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven
With all the God upon thee still,
Beams of no earthly light are given
Thy heart even yet to bless and fill;
Thy soul a sky where sun has set,
Wears glory hovering round it yet,
And childhood's eve grows sally bright
Ere life hath deepen'd into night.

WILLIAM ARCHER BATTER.

THE VOICE OF GRIEF.

From them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or bath come, since the making of the world.

TENNISON.

BIRDS.

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burden, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as fall-blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment.

J. K. TONGUE.

BLESING.

The rose with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blush in ready play
Rival'd the blush of rising day.

SCOTT.

HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.

It is not generally known, says the *Charleston Courier*, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-shore. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mr. Goddard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand, there was no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Connermore was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomenon?" In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake that occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault? These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of Feb., the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, that the sudden bursting forth of noxious gas from one of the coffins could have produced this phenomena? If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been hermetically sealed again—when to be reopened we can not tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Hanton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when again, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it), was found on the fourth step which led down to the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

A MEXICAL MONK.—A correspondent of the *Savannah Georgian* of the 24 inst., from the southern part of the State, says he has in his possession a very extraordinary mouse, recently caught by his overseer. In general appearance the little animal does not differ from others of its species; what is extraordinary is its musical gifts. "To hear the little creature warbling the exquisite notes of the canary bird, its imitation of the quail or partridge, the peculiar yelp of the wild turkey, with an occasional imitation of the mocking-bird," says our correspondent, "is truly wonderful. Its notes are very sweet, but not loud, though sufficiently so to be heard distinctly in any ordinary sized room."

The gentleman who writes the above facts is an extensive planter in Glynn County, and is said to be incapable of committing an imposition upon the public.

EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Négandeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name of Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for its camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I can not rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling as he did so, "It is I, Daber. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell anyone how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daber. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would then be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped, as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to his owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

DARING FEAT.

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:—The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an India-rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet witnessed. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India-rubber cord, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop. The athlete was dressed as Mercury. His body, from the neck to the small of his back, was inclosed in a framework, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voligeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove into space.

The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first one hundred and fifty feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in a few seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps 200 feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voligeur lay calmly cradled in mid-air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Münchhausen said he was.

ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

The California papers contain an account of the discovery of an old pyramid standing on the Colorado, in the midst of a sandy desert. A party of five persons were in search of a more feasible route to California across the desert, when an object struck their attention, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, that they determined upon visiting it. A walk of five miles through the sand brought them to the base of a colossal work, the fit monument of the surrounding scene of desolation. It was an unmistakable pyramid—somewhat in the Egyptian form, but more slender and pointed, and instead of being composed of successive steps, it evidently presented, when new, smooth surfaces from the base to the top.

It is, however, composed of layers or courses of stone from eighteen inches to three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. There are fifty-two of these layers above the present level of the sands, averaging two feet at least—thus making the height one hundred and four feet.

The top of the pyramid, which was level, is fifty feet square—but by some convulsion of nature has been displaced, and now lies upon one of the sides. This must have made the whole structure twenty feet higher. Such a convulsion is apparent from the decided and unnatural inclination out of the vertical—being nearly ten degrees from a perpendicular line.

How much of the pyramid is buried beneath the sands it is impossible to say. For ages and ages they have been drifting against its base—as every part of the structure bears evidence of the remotest antiquity. The perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away to the width of five or six inches by the storms and suns of centuries.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—In a conversation with Captain Baxter, of the El Dorado, recently of the Cherokee, we learned an important fact, which may throw some light on the great mystery of the age—the yellow fever. Captain Baxter left here with the Cherokee on the 12th August last, when the epidemic was at its height, with one hundred and sixty-nine passengers, the majority of whom were unacclimated, and liable to the yellow fever. When the Cherokee emerged into the Gulf, the sea was rough, and the passengers suffered a great deal from sea-sickness. Every one of them was compelled to vomit, and the captain says he never had a more unanimously sick crew. Soon, however, it was all over, and health and hilarity reigned on board, when the yellow fever made its appearance among the crew, none of whom had suffered from sea-sickness. During the voyage there were ten of the crew down with the fever, and on the arrival of the Cherokee in New York, there being two still sick, they were ordered into the hospital, where one of them died; the other recovered. Not one of the passengers had the fever. They were all permitted to land in New York after eighteen hours, and the sick members of the crew were alone compelled to go into hospital detention. Here is an interesting fact for the doctors. A general vomiting saves over one hundred persons from a disease which attacks nine out of ten of the unacclimated. Is not, too, the universality of the sickness, a fact of some significance, from which the physicians may extract some light on the subject of the character of this disease.—N. O. DELTA.

DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON IN WEST SPRINGFIELD.—A few days since, as some workmen were engaged in excavating for a basement story, about thirty rods south of the West Springfield Depot, on the high south bank of the Agawam river, they struck, at about two feet below the surface of the ground, the skeleton of a man of uncommon height. He was buried with his face toward the rising sun, with a gun, screw-driver, chisel, bullet-mold, a pair of shears, thimbles, several pipes filled with tobacco, and a string of wampum. The teeth of some large animal were found by his side. Mr. Clapp, owner of the house, has given away, for the gratification of the curious, the skull, and a part of the relics. The teeth were sound and fast in the jaws, and were all double. The bones were in a good state of preservation. The barrel of the gun was decomposed, but the thimbles for the ramrod were perfect, and contained some pieces of the ramrod that were sound. The gun-lock was much rusted, but held fast the flint. Whether the bones of the sleeper are those of the sachem of Warronoc, or of old Greylock, whose haunt and home was about Pochassuck and Mettinez, can not now be known, but, as he was buried precisely in the same way of the unconquerable "Black Hawk," it affords some proof that he was one of the chiefs of the aborigines who, as a race, have withered from the land—gone to the general-burial ground of their fathers.—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

SINGULAR FATALITY.—On Saturday last, Dr. O'Donnell, a well-known physician of South Boston, died very suddenly at his residence at the corner of B and Fourth Streets. It is a singular fact that within the past four years, no less than three physicians have died in this same house, while a fourth was removed when in the latest stages of disease. In every case, too, the deaths have been quite sudden.—BOSTON TRAVELER, September 12th.

A FEARFUL LIFE.—We have received a singular narration of a narrow escape of life at the Falls of Niagara. Mr. E. V. Wilson, of this city, of lightning-rod notoriety, went to the Falls with a party, and among the number was Mrs. N. L. Piper (of the firm of H. Piper and Brother). The body at the time was laboring under a species of insanity. It was thought by her husband that traveling and change of air and scenery would cure her good, but unfortunately such was not the case. Immediately upon her arrival, she was very desirous to see the Falls; and while standing on the Canada side, at about twenty feet from the falling sheet of water, she slipped her arm from Mr. Wilson and made a rush toward the precipice. He rushed after her, and just as she was going over, he caught hold of her dress, and by it held her dangling in the air. The dress gave way, and she fell upon a ledge of rock, at a distance of twenty feet. As she thus lay, Wilson, our narrative says, "with great presence of mind, looked for a soft place," and discovering that a quantity of loose earth was laying on the rocks, he immediately jumped down on it. He was just in time to save her going over the main precipice. By the aid of a pair of long lines belonging to a team close by, they were both drawn up together. Both suffered from some contusions, but neither was seriously hurt. These circumstances took place on Thursday last.—TORONTO COLONIST.

ANCIENT CANNON.—We have had the pleasure of seeing a very antique piece of ordnance, brought by Gov. Seymour from Mexico. It was found in the Castle at the city of Mexico, where about twenty pieces of the same character had been deposited. When the munitions of the Castle were re-delivered to the Mexicans, a present was made to Col. Seymour of this curious piece. It is not more than eighteen inches in length, while the diameter of the interior of the muzzle or bore is as much as five inches. It is made of welded iron, with several strong iron bands encircling it, some of which pass through the small irregular-shaped piece of wood, in which the cannon is imbedded, and are riveted with screws firmly on the under side. No recoil could detach the piece from the block of wood to which it is attached. This block is of old oak, very strong, and quite discolored by age. We doubt whether Mexico contains a species of oak of similar fiber and strength. The piece was undoubtedly used on board small vessels and on the benches of boats, to throw bits of iron and stones at an enemy.

The Mexicans have no tradition respecting the origin of the pieces. They have been in the Castle beyond any record. Antiquarians conjecture that they might have been cannon employed by Cortes on board his ships, and used on the causeways in his attack on Mexico. They are, unquestionably, of great antiquity.—HARTFORD COURANT.

CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an unmarking process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following

IMPROMPTU, ADDRESSED BY A PRIEST TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT.
"For cutting all connections fanned,
Connecticut is fairly named;
I twain connect in one, but you
Cut those whom I connect in two,
Each legislator seems to say,
What you connect I cut away."

TRIADS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affectionateness.
Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.
Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.
Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.
Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit.
Three things to pray for—faith, peace, purity of heart.
Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, mirthfulness.
Three things to suspect—flattery, puritanism, sudden affection.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting.
Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, good humor.
Three things to contend for—honor, country, friends.
Three things to govern—temper, impulse, the tongue.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

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BY

JOHN W. EDMONDS AND GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.

WITH AN APPENDIX,
BY NATHANIEL P. TALLMADGE,

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